

The Marble Hill Press.

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MARBLE HILL.

A blue rose is attracting much of the

attention in London as the marble hill of the

The most expensive belt of the season is now's rain belt, which has cost the state \$4,000,000.

When your horse balks, there you are, but when your automobile explodes, where are you?

Ticketless is the name of a post-office in Texas. Can any other state beat that name for originality?

It is said that Sara Bernhardt is afflicted with malaria. This is something new in her repertoire.

The genius of the world displayed a good deal of forethought in inventing the automobile before the automobile.

The story of Capt. Strong and May Yobe presents an admirable object lesson, yet few people will profit by it.

The Standard Oil Company denies that it owns the world. How very modest this concern is growing of late.

New York has a pie famine and a spreading smoke nuisance. Why should any one care to live in that town?

Aluminum is made from common clay. Perhaps that is the reason a mud bath always makes one light-headed.

William Patterson was the founder of the Bank of England. He was like the first man to be hit with a gold brick.

England is drinking less French and more California wine. And the bottles are labeled "California wine" in big letters, too.

Count Matankata thinks we are progressing too fast. Of course there is such a thing as making some kinds of progress too rapidly.

A Rhode Island man has been cured of rheumatism by a stroke of lightning. Nevertheless most people will be hankering after that kind of cure.

Mr. Austin is probably making an error of application of himself to the Pegasus, and William Waldorf Astor carefully collecting his scattered hopes.

The arbitration board of the Chicago Housewives' association will have questions presented to it that Solomon would have been unable to decide.

There is some basis in the rumor that the Rockefeller hope to own the earth. The brother of the oil king has just enlarged his farm to 100,000 acres.

J. J. Hill's son has invented a new fangled freight car. As the young man's father has some influence in the railway world the thing may have a fair test.

Mr. Or, a grocer in Eldorado, Kan., is believed to have the shortest name in the state. The only abbreviation for this name is a shrug of the shoulders.

The statement is made that the late John W. Mackay couldn't have told within \$20,000,000 how rich he was. He was altogether superior to fluctuations in the price of coal.

The man who has sued a Kansas postmaster because of the tardy delivery of a postal card ought to make allowance for the lack of recreation in the Sunflower State.

British statesmen are talking of building a subsidized line of boats from England to Canada. When the line is built J. Pierpont Morgan may conclude to buy it and collect the subsidy.

Twelve Chicago aldermen are said to have walked from the railway station to a hotel in New York and tacy "did not stop in anywhere on the way." How far was the hotel from the station?

A San Francisco banker has disinherited his daughter because she eloped with a poor young man whose income is only \$400 a month. How can girls keep on rushing into poverty just for love?

Any man as rich as Russell Sage who will ride in a street car instead of his own carriage deserves to fall off. There should be no sympathy wasted on his accident. Besides, he will probably sue the company.

"Kissing is a habit which grows on one, and I believe it is a good thing to kill it off," says Ethel Merrill of Chicago's anti-kissing club. Of course, only some real mean man would insinuate that Ethel's sole chance of ever being kissed would be by mistake on the part of some one, due to darkness.

After thrashing a corporal who had ill treated them eight German cavalrymen have gone over to France and enlisted in that country's army. This opens up a new way of getting even and preserving the peace of Europe.

Chicago has grappled with the tramp nuisance in a really effective way. Compulsory baths at the municipal lodging houses compel the hobos to give the city a wide berth.

The Milwaukee court which forbade a man to speak to his wife ought to go a step farther and forbid some wives from talking to their husbands.

The agricultural experts are trying to improve corn by a process of defoliation. Nature's mistakes will all be corrected sooner or later.

A European international agreement has been concluded at Paris for the protection of birds useful to agriculture. Some Americans seem never to have heard of any such birds.

Undoubtedly the only object of Messrs. Rockefeller, Rothschilds and Nobel in their new enterprise is to carry the light into darkest Russia.

The London Spectator calls General Kitchener "a great imperial asset," and the inference is that Buller and Methuen must be liabilities.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allard's Double," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

Strange Information.

From the flowery fields of California to the barren region of the Klondyke, from 1849 to 1857, it is a wide reach, but the Gulf of Time is bridged over and the hopes and fears of thousands of hearts follow the argonauts who go to search for the golden fleece in the confines of the Arctic Circle, as they did forty-eight years ago the California prospectors.

The real story of the discovery of gold on the Klondyke is not generally known, and to unravel that mystery is the purpose of this story.

On a certain night, about three years ago last May, five men were seated about a camp fire, built under the south side of a cliff, among some pine trees, near the banks of the Yukon river, fifteen miles above Dawson City.

As some of this party have become well known by the development of the Klondyke gold fields, it will be as well to introduce them to the reader before we proceed with our story.

That large man dressed in moose-skin coat and trousers, with a bear skin thrown over his shoulders, was once well known in the great northwest as the most daring hunter, miner and adventurer in all Alaska. He was as honorable as he was brave, and as kind hearted as he was subtle. His name was Jack Ralston, but along the Yukon he was commonly known as "Glum Ralston."

Ralston was once an American. He was getting along in years, for his hair was growing frosty, yet his frame was still strong and his heart had not abandoned its hope.

George W. Cormack, or "Lucky George," as the miners nicknamed him, sat in the log just opposite Glum Ralston. George was an Englishman, a brave, adventurous fellow, who was also an expert miner. Perhaps it was his knowledge of geology and mining that tended to his success. Nevertheless, the miners attributed it to luck.

Glum Ralston was a man of thirty, with blue eyes and sandy complexion. Glum had had considerable experience as a hunter and prospector, but in the miner's parlance had never struck it rich.

Porter Allen, or "Big Port," was a giant in size, being over six feet in height, with broad shoulders and sinews of steel. He was forty, his hair and long beard quite grizzled with time and sunburn.

The fifth was a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with the freshness of youth and innocence still on his face. While his older companions were smoking their pipes, the younger man of the party gazed abstractly into the glowing fire.

His mind went back over the mountain ranges and seas to the quiet little home in Fresno, where he had left his widowed mother, dear to his heart, and one still dearer, his sister, Laura.

While he sat gazing into the fire and seeing only the well-beloved face of his betrothed, his companions toasted and ate their supper and talked of their present situation.

"Glum, how long you been in Alaska?" asked Lucky George.

"It's now twenty-one years," "An' never been back to the States?"

"Are you ever goin'?"

"Don't know," he answered, with a sigh. "It'd be like goin' back to a graveyard now. Most everybody I knew's dead. I—"

"But he did not finish the sentence. His weather-beaten eye seemed to gleam with softer light as he gazed into the fire, and Glum Ralston thought he saw a shade of moisture gathering there.

"Glum, you often promised us you would tell your own story sometime—how you came here, and why you have spent all these years in Alaska. Why not tell now?" asked Lucky George.

Glum moved uneasily on the log on which he was sitting, and, clearing his throat, said:

"Boys, 'tain't much of a yarn when it's spun. I came to Alaska in '72 in the seal's schooner 'Eleanor.' We had good officers and crew, and the sun never shone on a better man than our captain. We all loved him and would have died for him."

"Well, we had no luck sealing, and the captain and sailors went with a party of Indians who said they knew where gold could be found. I didn't believe them, and wouldn't go. But he asked me not to leave Alaska till he came back, and I promised."

"At the end of six months an explorer's party came back with the cap of one of the sailors which they had found on the snow several days' journey away."

"Winter was on us, and we ran into Sitka, where we anchored until spring. It was a hard winter, but I have often wondered why we didn't all die, but all but two pulled through, and when spring came on, an' the captain said he'd be going back with the ship. He tried to make me go, but I'd promised the captain I'd stay until he came back."

"Our ship sailed away, an' I stayed around the town for a while, an' then went on a cruise with some hunters. We branched off into the woods. I didn't tell the story of my captain and the Injun chief with the gold beads for a good many years. Then I went into the interior to try to find him. I got in with some moose hunters and traveled one whole summer and part of a winter and nearly starved an' froze a hundred times, but not a word could I hear of him, so I suppose I am doomed to make my last voyage from this port. When I meet my captain on that unknown sea to which we are all steerin', I'll tell him I kept my promise."

"When the explorer had finished his story a silence fell on the group. No one spoke for several minutes."

The young, known only by the sobriquet of "Crack Lash," sat gazing abstractly into the fire. He had heard no part of the story, for his mind was still on his far-away home, where dwelt mother and the fair being who he promised to be his wife, for whom he had braved the dangers of the wilderness."

At early morn the little camp on the Yukon was astir. Paul was the last to awake. Youth is healthful and innocent, so sleep lingers longer about its eyelids than those whose

bodies are freighted with disease or minds burdened with cares.

"Where's George?" asked Glum, as he looked at his watch.

"Been gone these two hours," Big Port answered.

"Alone?"

"That's strange."

Breakfast was disposed of, the dogs fed and harnessed and the party prepared for their journey up the river to Dawson City, then an insignificant village, and yet lucky George had not returned.

As the sun rose higher the mud and snow made travel more uncomfortable, yet Paul trudged on, uncomplainingly. He could bear any burden or hardship without a murmur when he reflected that it was for Laura. Her presence gave strength to his arm and keenness to his eye, inspiring him on to efforts more than superhuman.

When they halted at noon they were compelled to get to leeward of the smoke to protect themselves from the mosquitoes. But little had been said of their missing companion, Lucky George. Glum followed his trail through the snow without difficulty, and gave it as his opinion that he was going straight to Dawson City.

Glum Ralston, who had not expressed an opinion on the subject for some time, at last said:

"Boys, I heard him say something one day 'bout goin' up the Klondyke." "What for?" asked Glum.

"Said a squaw man told him there was heaps o' gold along that air stream."

Glum informed him it was one of the tributaries of the Yukon which had been but very little explored, and remained with his head bowed for a few moments, his mind lost in thought. At last he said:

"Boys, he's tryin' to give us the slip. I'm afraid, or run a cold deck on us," said Glum.

"What if he does?" asked Port.

"We might if he struck pay dirt," said Glum.

"We're as good as likely to strike pay dirt as George?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because George is a sinner in luck. Every time he draws from the deck it's a trump. If a fellow holds a straight George has a flush. I'll gamble my dog's an' packs that he makes a ten strike right now."

There was a silence, and the men sat and smoked and steamed, to drive away the mosquitoes. At last Paul broke the silence by saying:

"If there is gold on the Klondyke let us go and find it ourselves."

"Now yer shoutin'," cried the prospectors. "Why not go to the Klondyke ourselves?"

"Truth be told, boys," said Glum, "I've never had any very excited opinion of Lucky George's honesty. If he makes a big strike we can, of course, come in for a claim, but he'll strike out the best an' work on the others without us a-knowin' it."

They decided to set out at once for the Klondyke. It was a journey attended from beginning to end with great danger and hardship. Glum Ralston was the only member of the party who had been on the stream, and he acted as guide.

Again night came on, and they went into camp and prepared their supper. Paul was a little disheartened on this night. Continual disappointment had made him heart-sick. Rising to relieve his cramped limbs, he turned his back toward the fire and gazed across the wood-covered hill into the darkness beyond. To his surprise he discovered a glow on the woods far in the distance. For a moment he gazed upon it in doubt, and then, touching Old Myers, who sat near, on the arm, he whispered:

"Look over there, Glum, in the direction I am pointing. Don't you see anything auspicious?" Glum Myers did as directed, and said:

"Yes, that's somethin' on natural, Crack Lash."

"What is it?"

"Well, I'd say it was 't' glow from a camp fire like our own."

"Glum, suppose we go and reconnoitre. We may make some discovery."

"Keep your eyes peeled, boys," cautioned Big Port. "It may be a mighty sight more risky 'ye think."

"Oh, let us alone for a while; I'll let no red nigger o' the north woods get the drop on us."

Through the dense wood, across ravines, snowdrifts and muddy streams the two pressed on over hill and dale, until, after three hours' painful toil, they came upon a bend in the stream called the Klondyke, where, on passing around a spur of the cliff, all of a sudden the full glare of torches and fire light fell upon them. It was a strange and unexpected sight that met their view. A great fire was blazing, to which was added the light of pine knot torches stuck in the ground.

Two men were at work with picks, shovels and pans. Late as it was, dark as it was and tired and hungry as they were, they toiled on and on. "Crack Lash," Glum gasped in a hoarse whisper. "It's Lucky George and the squaw man, Lattimer."

"Yes."

"What are they doin'?"

"Diggin'! Great heaven, look at the shining ore! See the buckets and pans are full of nuggets and dust. Oh, Glum! It's a bonanza!"

"Hush, they will hear you."

"I am going to make myself known to them."

"And be shot?"

"Why should they shoot me when we are friends? If they are like savage dogs over a bone, then we can shoot first."

Glum consented to go to them, and, advancing to within a hundred paces, they called to the diggers. At first they were a little confused, but Lucky George, who was a shrewd fellow, saw it was best to admit to the discovery.

"Come down, boys; come down," he cried, cheerfully. "I tell you we have made the greatest strike in the world. Look at the work of a few hours."

"George, are there more good claims?"

"Plenty of them. Let us all set to work, stake out the best and get the very cream before the world finds it out. Lattimer here put me onto this. He got it from the Indians."

This was the discovery of the great gold fields in the Klondyke. Lucky George got the tip from Lattimer, the white man with an Indian wife, and had determined to work it alone if he could do so, but now that his friends had found him, he decided to make the best of it and divide.

The others were for, and claims for all staked out.

Next morning with the dawn of day Paul began to work his claim. From the first shovelful of earth, he began to take out gold. His pick seemed attracted to the largest sup-

ports, and his pan was always full of ore. He was not a thousand dollars' worth of dust and nuggets to the pan. He forgot breakfast, lunch or dinner, but toiled on. The small moose-skin bags were quickly filled, and then he poured the renewed accumulation into a water bucket. His eyes gleamed with the fire of the future, and in his mind he saw only the face of sweetheart and mother, and he looked on thought of rest, health or the danger which his accumulation brought him.

There was danger hovering over the happy youth. His claim was some distance up the stream from the others, and one day, as he was toiling and heaping up the golden treasure, two pairs of fierce, avaricious eyes glared at him from the dense foliage of pines. They watched him a long time, as he toiled, and then exchanged knowing looks, winks and smiles, which said:

"Let the fool toil on. When he has taken his thousands from the earth we will have it."

After the first few days he stopped long enough to eat and sleep a few hours at a time, drinking of home and of making loved ones there happy. Little did he dream that a storm cloud was gathering over the loved ones at home and another over his own head, threatening to ruin his self and all most dear to his heart. (To be continued.)

BRIGANDS QUEER IN GREECE.

Treat Prisoner Well, But Insist on Ransom Money.

M. Stravopolous, a young man, who was captured recently by brigands, has returned to Athens. He states that as he was about to go on board his yacht at Egion he was accosted by a fashionably dressed young man, who kept him in conversation while the four other men crept up behind him and seized and gagged him. They then carried him off to the mountains to which they were accompanied by the fashionable young man, who turned out to be a notorious brigand chief named Pannopolous. M. Stravopolous was taken to a large cavern or grotto, very comfortably furnished, where the brigands compelled him to write to his father, a rich banker, for a ransom of \$4,000 in gold. His captors gave him plenty of food and wines and even insisted on his saying his prayers twice a day. They also made him read various improving books, of which there was a large supply in the grotto. On the arrival of the money it was conveyed to a monastery in the mountains, where one of the monks counted it and handed it over to the robbers. A great feast was held the same evening in the grotto, and the brigands becoming intoxicated, the prisoner made his escape and reached the railway after a journey of five hours on foot. He returned to the grotto as a force of police could be got together, but the brigands had all decamped.—London Globe.

INQUIRY ABOUT JOB'S TURKEY.

Important Point Man Was Anxious to Have Settled.

Mr. Broderick of Tennessee, among his constituents an itinerant preacher, but in his opinion, has a knowledge of the scriptures second to no one's. So confident is he that he can make clear the most obscure passages that he invariably asks his hearers to bring him any puzzling text they wish explained.

At the close of a very large and successful meeting a country bumpkin sitting in the back of the hall in response to the pastor's invitation announced that there was a matter, a very important matter, he would like to have unraveled.

Happy that an opportunity to show his erudition had come at last, the wise man encouraged the fellow to come to the front and present his problem.

"What I want to know is," said the bumpkin, "is whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler."

And when the preacher turned red and coughed, to hide his confusion, his interrogator remarked in a voice that was audible through the whole hall: "I'll be darned if I don't stump him the first time."

RAMIE A FAILURE HERE.

Impossible to Grow or Manufacture It Profitably in America.

A gentleman connected with the agricultural department declares that and manufacture ramie in the United States are simply wastes. He states that the successful growing, marketing and manufacturing of ramie is a dead issue in every country except China, where it has been raised for centuries and prepared by slow and laborious hand processes for which the Celestials are famous.

He states further that millions of dollars have been spent in this country and Europe trying to invent a machine for "decorticating" ramie, but without success, and that it is too late for any one to attempt to rect an issue as dead as that of ramie in the United States, where it has been given a fair test and proven a failure. He also states that there are many persons who are honestly misled in the matter and still think that ramie can be grown and manufactured in this country with profit, and who every now and then sink their substance in enterprises engineered by persons who are similarly misled.

A Ventriiloquist's Joke.

The following incident is well worth repeating and in the words of an eye witness:

"While overseeing a gang of men, who, with male teams, were hauling loads of dirt, a friend of mine—a ventriiloquist—came up and stood by my side."

Presently a mule, driven by a fiery-tempered fellow, balked right in front of where we were standing. The driver lost his temper and began to beat the animal. Every now and then the mule would turn his head and look reproachfully at the fellow thus refused to budge.

"Now just watch him," the ventriiloquist whispered in my ear. At that moment the fellow gave the animal a kick with his heavy boot. The mule turned his head and looking at the man square in the face opened his mouth: "Don't you do that again!"

The voice sounded as though it came direct from between the mule's parted lips. The whip dropped from the fellow's hand. For a moment he stared at the mule, and then, without a word he bolted down the street as fast as his legs could take him."

The cryic is the man who wants to take his spite out on everybody else for his failures.

HEAD OF GREAT HARVESTER TRUST.



Cyrus H. McCormick, the president of the newly organized International Harvester Company, is the son of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, the inventor of the famous reaping machine which bears his name. Mr. McCormick was born in Washington, D. C., and was graduated from Princeton in 1879. Since that time he has been connected with the McCormick Harvester Machine Company, of which he has been president since 1884. He is one of Chicago's most influential business men, and has been prominent in club life, particularly in that of the Commercial club.

PHOTOGRAPH LED TO MARRIAGE.

Romance in Life of Miss Anna Cassin.

Mrs. Archibald T. McClure, who was Miss Anna Cassin, is now in Newport, the summer home of her aristocratic. It was the photograph of Miss Cassin, published in a magazine, that attracted the attention of Mr. McClure, who retraced his steps half way across the continent to secure an introduction, which latterly resulted in marriage.

Magnificent Eastern Potentates.

The Indian princes at the coronation of King Edward were encircled with ropes of pearls, one or two of them had pearls attached to their ears, and diamonds, rubies and other priceless gems hung in clusters about them.

Of the Indian princes the most noticeable was the Maharajah of Gwalior, in a turban encrusted with jewels. His wrist was covered with a bracelet of diamonds, and on his back hung a shield blazing with jewels—a magnificent example of an eastern potentate clad in the splendor of the splendid east.

Ras Makonnen, the Abyssinian envoy, was another guest whose costume was of a character most striking. It included the curious-looking, crown-shaped headpiece, formed from a lion's mane, which is only displayed upon high state occasions. Under his flowing robe he showed a superb breastplate of velvet interwoven with gold, and behind him an interpreter carried his gold shield and his immense sword, too sweeping and scimitar-like to be worn in a crowded room.—London Mail.

A Free Criticism.

Some time ago Sir Charles Wyndham presented London's Green Room club with a chair that had been the property of David Garrick. It happened to be at the time when Wyndham was acting the part of Garrick in the play of that name at the Criterion theater, and had settled down for a long run. At luncheon one afternoon soon after the presentation, Wyndham was discovered sitting in the Garrick chair in an attitude distinctly belonging to the period of periwigs and knee breeches. By his side stood a famous critic and a famous poet.

Ah, Wyndham," remarked the critic, admiringly, "you grow more and more like Garrick every day."

"And less and less like me every night," growled the poet.

Best Marble From Foreign Countries.

The best marble quarried comes to the United States from foreign countries. Some comes from France, but most from Italy. For some reason the American marbles, quarried in New York and Vermont, Georgia and Tennessee, are not nearly so fine grained, or even in quality, as are the foreign marbles. They are more unreliable, apt to split and not nearly so pretty.

And the difference in price is not so great as might at first be imagined, counting in shipping and duties, for foreign labor is so much cheaper than ours.

Notable Family Reunion.

There was a notable family reunion at Welland, Ont., last week at which the six children of the late Jacob Fould assembled to celebrate the birthday of "the baby of the family," who had attained the age of 50 years.

Policemen's Pictures Sell.

Two landscapes painted by Constable E. T. Jones, the Leeds (England) policeman-artist, have been purchased at the Royal Cambrian exhibition, Conway.

Improvements at Boulogne Harbor.

Among other improvements at the port of Boulogne a French government scheme provides for a construction of an Atlantic steamer berth 920 feet long and 100 feet wide, with a water depth of twenty-five feet.

Cucumbers a Profitable Crop.

Cucumbers for pickles are a profitable crop in Iowa, when the flood does not drown the crop. The average yield is 400 bushels an acre, and the price is 50 cents a bushel.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES.

WHERE CRIME IS UNKNOWN.

Unique Distinction.

The recent death in his sixty-fifth year, of Thomas Watson, the "governor" of the small island of Tristan d'Acunha, in the South Atlantic ocean, attracts attention to a little community which is practically severed from communication with the rest of the world. Tristan d'Acunha was discovered by the Portuguese in 1506, and the first settlement was made in 1817 by a company of British artillery, the better to keep a watch on Napoleon, at that time a prisoner in St. Helena.

On the death of Napoleon the soldiers were withdrawn, with the exception of Corporal Glass and two companions, who, with some whaling men, were the founders of the present settlement. The colony flourished and numbered in 1850 twenty-seven souls, and in 1857 there was a population of ninety-seven. Property is held in common and there is no strong drink, and no crime, while the inhabitants are healthy and long-lived. The oldest inhabitant acts as governor. A ship of war pays the island an annual visit and brings the only mail that ever reaches the inhabitants. The settlement is in a fertile part of the island, and is called New Edinburgh. The population has been for some years almost stationary, and is affected by migrations to the Cape. W. L. son, the deceased governor, was the son of Tristan d'Acunha from the Cape sixty-five years ago, and never afterwards left the island.

GORBIN TO VISIT THE EMPEROR.

Will Be Accompanied by His Wife During Trip to Germany.

Adjutant General Corbin, accompanied by Mrs. Corbin and Col. Johnson, will visit the emperor.

Neatly Worded Eulogy Over Grave of Notorious Outlaw.

Mexicans are fond of epitaphs, they rejoice in eulogies, they like to honor their dead. Their attachment for relatives is great, and monuments and flower-strewn graves show that the departed are not forgotten. The deceased may have left a bad record, and his friends may be anxious that his worst should be forgotten; still this does not deprive him from a neatly worded eulogy.

Just outside the cemetery at Vera Cruz there stands a fine monument which marks the resting place of a notorious outlaw, whose cruelty and violence made his name a constant menace to all peace and order. His wife, in spite of harsh treatment, was his faithful servant to the last, and after his death thought that she should show her respect for his memory.